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Things I Should Like to See

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Things I Should Like to See.

Come all you bold Britons of every degree,
You're aware there are some things we don't like to see,
And some things we do as all people should,
Because that we like to see every thing good.

I'd like very well to see prosperous times,
I'd like to see an act against crinolines,
I'd like to see lasses dressed homely and neat,
And not shew their legs as they walk up the street.

CHORUS.

I like to see happiness over the land,
Work and good wages for every man,
I like to see all things, believe me its so,
As they were in old England a century ago.

I'd like to see parliament members unite,
And act to the poor both honest and right,
I'd like to see Peel and O'Donaghue well
Fighting a duel on top of Shap Fells.

I'd like to see plenty of cotton come o'er,
And peace and contentment on every shore,
I'd like to see all Yankees agree,
The North and the South living in amity,

I'd like to see all over the land,
Placed on the table of every poor man,
A fat leg of mutton or a good joint of beef,
They'd then have no need to go seeking relief.

I'd like to see factory hands fully employed,
For with short time and low wages they're greatly annoy'd,
And thousands are wandering in grief and despair,
Who can neither get victuals, nor clothes for to wear.

I'd like to see railways go on for a while,
And carry the folks for a penny a mile,
I'd like to see powders to banish the fleas,
And I'd like to see dumplings growing on trees.

I'd like to see every poor man by and bye,
With a pony to ride and a pig in the sty,
I'd like to see England break up the blockade,
I'd like to see all men employed at their trade.

I'd like to see farmers so buxom and fat,
Compelled to sell wheat at a shilling a sack,
I'd like to see poor people everywhere,
Have all things they want and plenty to spare.

So friends and kind neighbours of every degree,
I've told you a few things I should like to see,
And what I'd like to see, if you think they're not right,
You can judge for yourselves and think what you like.



Be kind to the LOVED ONES AT HOME

Sec 26

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been;
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone;
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love!
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below,
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold—
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold—
Be kind to thy sister so dear